

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

MY PRETTY RED ROSE.



He gave me a pretty red rose,
While rambling to-night o'er the lea,
And said as he kissed me good-bye,
Wear this in your breast love for me.
'Tis fading and falling apart,
But close to my heart it will cling,
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
Of my pretty red rose will I sing.

CHORUS.

My pretty red rose, my pretty red rose,
'Tis a sweet little token, my pretty red rose,
While lonely I sigh for my darling's bright eye,
I'll sing of my pretty red rose.

'Tis a dear little mem'ry of love,
How sad that it soon must decay,
But fondly I'll treasure its leaves,
Though their beauty may vanish away.
Sweets moments of joy it recalls,
And lulls every sigh to repose,
Tho' now we're apart, still me true lover's heart,
Seems to dwell in my pretty red rose.

My pretty red rose, &c.

A. W. AUNER'S
CARD AND JOB PRINTING ROOMS.